THE

WEEKLY INSPECTOR.

" Of those men who have overturned the Liberties of Republics, the greatest number
" have begun their career by paying an obsequious court to the People—com-
" mencing DEMAGOGUES, and ending TYRANTS." HAMILTON.

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DEMAGOGUE HUNTING.

No. VIII.

" Wherever the freedom of the press
" exists, (and WITH US may that freedom
" be perpetual!) I must assert, *that* LITE-
" RATURE, *well or ill conducted,* IS THE
" GREAT ENGINE *by which I am fully*
" *persuaded, all* civilized states *must ulti-*
" *mately be supported or overthrown*"
Pursuits of Literature.

To those who have had opportunity to observe the influence of the press in producing the present state of society, in that part of Continental Europe which has fallen within the grasp of of French ambition, the state of the American press must be truly alarming. It teems with productions of the most dangerous nature, and such as are calculated to sap the foundations and prostrate the pillars of social order. The impious essays of the infidel Paine and the political dogmas of the madman, or traitor, or both, who conducts the Aurora, are circulated with industry, and swallowed with avidity. Their effect is already manifested, even to the least discerning. Very few are so dull as not to perceive that the fountains of society are poisoned; for we begin to taste the bitterness of the waters. Public and private confidence are shaken from their foundations, and integrity and abilities are merely passports to obscurity and indigence.

We have no doubt but some of the writers and retainers, who are so anxiously employed in the producing and disseminating works like those of Tom Paine, and the productions of the politicians of the same school, have imbibed an opinion that they are making great discoveries in the mysteries of nature, and eliciting new lights on the theory of government and society.

We would, however, beg leave to accost them in the words of a great writer; " What advantage do we derive from such writings? What delight can a man find in employing a capacity which might be fully exerted for the noblest purposes, in a sort of sullen labour, in which, if the author should succeed, he is obliged to own, that nothing could be more fatal to mankind, than his success?"

" Do they pretend to exalt the mind of man by proving him no better than a beast? Do they think to enforce the practice of virtue, by denying that vice and virtue are distinguished by good or ill fortune here, or by happiness or misery hereafter?"

" It is an argument," (continues the same writer,) " which I think Isocrates makes in one of his orations against the sophists, that it is far more easy to maintain a wrong cause, and to support paradoxical opinions to the satisfaction of a common auditory, than to establish a doubtful truth by solid and conclusive arguments. When men find that something can be said in favour of what, on the very proposal, they have thought utterly indefensible, they grow doubtful of their own reason; they are thrown into a sort of pleasing surprise; they run along with the speaker, charmed and captivated to find such a plentiful harvest of reasoning, where all seemed barren and

unpromising. This is the fairy land of philosophy. And it very frequently happens, that those pleasing impressions on the imagination subsist and produce their effect, even after the understanding has been satisfied of their unsubstantial nature. There is a sort of gloss upon ingenious falsehoods, that dazzles the imagination, but which neither belongs to nor becomes the sober aspect of truth."

A mind, which has no restraint from a sense of its own weakness, of its subordinate rank in the creation, and of the extreme danger of letting the imagination loose upon some subjects, may very plausibly attack every thing the most excellent and venerable. It would not be difficult to criticise creation itself; and if we were to examine the divine fabrics by our ideas of reason and fitness, and to use the same method of attack by which some men have assaulted revealed religion, we might with as good a colour, and with the same success, make the wisdom and power of God, in his creation, appear to many no better than foolishness. There is an air of plausibility which accompanies vulgar reasonings and notions taken from the beaten track of ordinary experience, that is admirably suited to the narrow capacities of some, and to the laziness of others."

It was this aptitude of mankind to embrace plausible falsehoods, and the love of paradox, which exists in most men, which gave so much popularity to the mischievous essays of Rousseau against the Arts and Sciences, and on the Inequality of Mankind. It was this facility with which men deceive themselves and others, which opened to those accursed revolutionary tenets which destroyed society in France, and introduced a despotism, much more rigid than even philosophists themselves have pretended ever had existence previous to that period. Dazzled by the glare of plausible falsehood, the partizans of Mr. Jefferson have succeeded in part, in destroying the constitution of their country by prostrating the judiciary, and in destroying the political consequence and influence of the men to whom we are indebted for our independence and whatsoever of national prosperity we are still permitted to enjoy.

The foregoing reflections occurred to us on perusing an essay in the *National Intelligencer*, of the 20th ult. which commenced with the query

"*How far have the governments heretofore instituted among men, promoted their* happiness?"

This weak and wicked production is calculated for nothing better than to render the minds of people who think superficially, averse to any government which has energy enough to answer any of the purposes for which governments were instituted. It is a feeble summary of the arguments of Rousseau, on the inequality of mankind, which he represents as the source of almost all the evils to which human nature is liable. It is calculated to make mankind discontented with that condition in society in which the majority must inevitably move or relinquish the comparative ease, security, and exemption from positive sufferings, from cold, hunger, and disease, which they enjoy in civilized life, for the forlorn condition of poor, naked, wandering, and defenceless savages.

"To treat this subject fully, (says Mr. Smith,) would require a volume. It would be necessary to take a historical view of every nation that has existed, to the present day," (this by the bye would require *several volumes* and an abler historiographer than Mr. Smith). "From this view it would be seen how much happiness, and how much misery, *governments* have produced. But such an extensive inquiry would be unnecessary on the present occasion. The general sentiment of mankind is made up respecting it."

The inference to be drawn from these premises is left to the readers of the National Intelligencer. But if they are remarkably stupid, as they must be, to swallow Mr. S's sophistry, they will conclude that governments having always been the sources of all human

misery, it is highly incumbent on all real philanthropists to set about their destruction, and by all means to be hostile to the establishment of any such dreadful evil in America.

Such arguments frequently inculcated by the demagogues of Ireland, paved the way to much of the misery and bloodshed which have at times desolated that unhappy country.

"Why, (says Mr. Smith,) is history a record of crimes? Not, surely, because men are so depraved by nature as to be incapable of virtue. Whatever priests may tell us on this point, we have a consciousness about us, that assures us we were created for better ends. No, the reason is, that tyranny has established its gloomy reign over the universe, and checked, if not eradicated, the best feelings of our nature."

Thence it should seem, that if there had existed no governments, men would have been a very happy and a very perfect being. But without government there can be no society, except such as exists in a state of nature, in which every man becomes his own avenger, every strong man a despot, and every weak man a slave. Let the *philanthrope* Mr. Smith extend his views to the Aborigines of America, among whom there is but little government or subordination, and observe if there is less endurance of evil—let him view a poor wretch made a prisoner in one of their predatory excursions, tied to the stake, tormented with the most infernal ingenuity, and expiring under the most excruciating agonies. Even these savages have some government, some subordination, and so far as it extends, it mitigates the evils of their situation.

What should we think of a writer who should gravely set about an inquiry under this head?

How far has the discovery of the metals, and particularly that of iron, contributed to the advancement of agriculture, manufactures, and the useful arts? And then proceed to give us a lamentable detail of the murderous uses in which metals had been employed, and the many accidents in which they had been instrumental, and among other elucidations, should give an accurate description of a lock-jaw, caused by treading on a rusty nail. Should we not say that the man was either mad or fond of paradoxical reasoning, and wish him to employ his ingenuity to some better purpose?

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Among the most artful modes adopted by our notorious demagogues for destroying the reputation of Federalists and decrying Federalism, may be numbered the deceptive queries and sly insinuations which they mean should stand for affirmations, and which make false impressions on the ignorant of their party.

Thus Duane, in one of his late papers, after a column of gross abuse against the Federalists, proceeds in this manner:—

"Who supported Cobbet?
"Who supported Miranda?
"Who supported Liston?
"Who supported Burr?
"Who supported standing armies?
"Who supported extravagant navies? &c.

Now although satisfactory answers have been a thousand times given to every insinuation which implies that the Federalists have been guilty of improper conduct in any of the transactions above alluded to, still this persevering buccaneer returns to the charge. But if we should answer to these queries, that the Federalists did not support or countenance Cobbet in any improper proceeding, or any thing inimical to the government, laws, or constitution of the United States—that the expedition of Miranda was fitted out with the knowledge, and consequently with the tacit permission, of Mr. Jefferson; which tacit permission had every appearance of giving it the sanction of government—that the Federalists had no improper connexion with Liston, far less supported him—that the army which was raised was the consequence of apparently well founded apprehensions of invasion—that a navy was thought necessary for the protection of our commerce—and that both Mr. Jefferson and

Tom Paine, the former in his Notes on Virginia, and the latter in his work called Common Sense, were strenuous advocates for an American navy—that the alien law was merely declaratory of the law of nations—that the sedition law was a law in favour of the liberties of the people, which guaranteed to them an important right, which they have not been permitted to exercise under the present administration; and that these, and all other federal measures, which have given origin to so much democratic clamour, received the sanction of Gen. Washington's approbation, still would demagogue Duane return to the charge, and give us new impressions of his vile aspersions and villanous falsehoods.

The remedy for this prostitution of the press is, however, within the reach of the federalists, if they have the resolution, and will make the necessary efforts for putting it in practice. It is simply this: wherever the poison of the Aurora is sent to contaminate the body politic, let its antidote go with it. Every Aurora lie ought to be contradicted, and the contradiction put into the hands of the readers of that vile vehicle of falsehood, slander, and sedition. An Anti-Aurora of that kind, well conducted, would save millions to the United States, and perhaps the independence of America, which the productions in that paper have a direct tendency to destroy.

SCRAPS.

——Quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia.——————————————

Shenstone used to thank God that his name was not liable to a pun: it has proved, however, obnoxious to a Frenchman's rhyme, which is something worse. M. Gerardin has placed this inscription to his memory, at Ermenonville—

This plain stone,
To William Shenstone.
In his writings he display'd
A mind natural,
At Leasowes he laid
Arcadian greens rural

It has been well said, that to translate a book is like pouring honey from one vessel into another—something must always be lost.

Both the Dutch and the French words for translated, will bear to be literally rendered; *overzezet*, and *traduit*. Milton may more truly be said to be *overset* in one language, and *traduced* in the other, than translated into either. *Done into English*, was not so happy a phrase for many a book was *undone* by the operation.

There is scarcely a single object (says an English writer) upon which men associate, that in this country does not produce anniversary dinners. Political, charitable, literary, and even religious bodies, all seem to think dining together an essential bond of union. At these meetings men are assembled who often have no personal acquaintance, nor any other point of intercommunity than the single one which has brought them together. A great man is placed in the chair, who is expected to hammer out something like a speech. He is followed by some volunteer orators, who are usually prolix and noisy in proportion to their emptiness. A bad dinner is served to an hungry crowd, eagerly grasping at the dishes within their reach, amidst an intolerable clatter of plates and din of guests and waiters. Toasts with three times three succeed the removal of the cloth. Hired singers entertain the company with loyal and bacchanalian strains; and they whose heads can bear the Babel of noises, stay till they have swallowed wine enough to make a good bargain of their tickets; while the quiet and sober slink off to their homes, perhaps repeating from Soame Jenyns,

Afflict us not, ye gods! though sinners,
With many days like this, and dinners.

Such are the generality of our society-festivals, which, I am afraid, do no great honour to our national character

in the eye of strangers, and little contribute to improve our manners. Public spirit, or at least corporate spirit, may be invigorated by them; but as this is an advantage common to all parties, no one cause receives the benefit. With respect to charitable institutions, as it enhances the respect attending them, it can scarcely conduce to their ultimate benefit. The Quakers, who are the most active supporters of all useful charities, do not require such a stimulus for their exertion.

The tinsel stile of a literary coxcomb is well sneered at in the following from the Anti-Jacobin Review, in a letter addressed to Arthur Aikin, editor of the Annual Review. Speaking of the mincing manner in which the said Aikin or some of his coadjutors had *noticed* the work of an *American writer*, whose reputation is above the reach of this cockney critic, the Anti-Jacobin observes—

"Adams's (the American Ambassador) Letters on Silesia are ushered on the reader's notice with the customary rhodomontade of lame and bantering humour. The writer affects occasionally a pithy style; he now rounds his sentences in the most turgid pedantry, and now melts into all the glibness of alliteration. "Its *agricultural* produce," says your learned friend, (beg pardon if it should happen to be yourself) "is rather mineral and subterranean, than seminal and superficial." Very prettily said, this, if we excuse the liberties taken with the sense. "Its advantages are proclaimed, its beauties emblazoned, its statistical value enhanced with triumphant or malicious patriotism." *Cedite Romani*, &c. a specimen of your prettinesses.—"Silesia! how *euphoneous* its sound! Silesia, how beautiful its landscapes! Silesia, how augmentative its revenue! Mr. American Ambassador, do not quit Europe without having seen Silesia; and his Excellency John Quincy Adams accordingly undertakes, with becoming civility, the excursion." "We have derived some *amusment*, if not *delight*, from his narrative; and some information, if not *instruction*, from his facts; and in general we have noticed his *style* with *content*, his materials with *satisfaction*, and his *reflections* with *acquiescence*." This is the "bemusked" and "beciveted" composition of rule and compass, or the art of fine writing."

FOR THE WEEKLY INSPECTOR.

Bard of the borrow'd lyre, to whom belong
The shreds and remnants of each hackney'd song. ANON.

On croiroit à vous voir dans vos libres caprices,
Discourir en Caton de vertus et de vices,
Decider du merite et du prix des auteurs,
Et faire impunement la leçon aux Docteurs,
Qu'etant seul à couvert des traits de la satire,
Vous avez tout pouvoir de parler et d'ecrire;
Mais moi, qui dans le fond sais bien ce que J'en crois,
Qui compte tous les jours vos *larcins* par mes doigts,
Je ris quand je vous vois si foible et si sterile,
Prendre sour vous le soin de reformer la ville. BOILEAU.

SIR,

I HAD hoped that the friendly castigation which I lately administered to the learned Editor of the MONTHLY REGISTER, would not have been totally useless. Not indeed that I expected to see him humbly resigning all his borrowed honours, and lowly bending before the public, "in a bondman's key" confess his crime and vow his deep repentance: but I fondly trusted that the future pages of his magazine would have evidenced his complete though silent reformation, that he would have been taught better to appreciate his own talents and the understanding of his readers—that he would have learnt to lay aside the imposing tone of affected superiority, and to descend quietly from that lofty station in the republic of letters which he

had so boldly usurped. Alas, sir, how egregiously was I mistaken! I can scarcely express the astonishment which I felt, when I found him in his last number asking with the utmost self-complacency, whether his doggrel verses were not extremely satirical and pungent—gravely asserting that his Wanderer was "stuffed with information and reasoning," that his moral tale is full of "simplicity and nature:" and that nothing but the boldest "garbling and mangling and misquoting passages," could ever fix upon him the charge of plagiarism. In short, Mr. Editor, imagine my surprise and mortification, when I discovered that the honest gentleman whom I have been taking so much pains to reform, most firmly believes that all the learning and talents of this country are actually contained in his own little body—and so completely is the poor youth possessed with this strange fancy, that he calls all those who venture to point out his thefts, or to smile at his absurdities, "the sworn enemies of wit and genius." God help thee, silly one.

I confess that it was not without some degree of mortification that I perceived that the humble labours of Martin Mar-Pedant had proved without effect; for in truth the exposure of plagiarism was but a secondary object, my chief motive in pointing out the literary frauds of the learned editor was an honest wish to correct that over-weening conceit of his own powers which has hitherto made him so ridiculous. The youth, thought I, has some small share of talents, and no inconsiderable one of industry—were it not for his absurd and unwarrantable vanity, he might possibly be of some use to the community, he might apply himself to some occupation suited to his talents, and be very usefully employed as a corrector of the press, or the compiler of a dictionary. At any rate, a little chastisement will be of service to him, and should he persevere in his review, he will be the better able to judge of the feelings of his authors, from having himself smarted under the lash of criticism. Thus out of sheer benevolence and humanity I undertook to cure him of that dire disorder of the soul which a mental physician of antiquity has termed "Pride and arrogance, and the evil way, and the froward mouth." Alas! I little knew how incorrigible a subject I had taken in hand. But for this benevolent intention, he might for me have continued month after month to enrich the pages of his magazine with pilfered fragments of the wit, the wisdom, and the learning of Edmund Burke, or the author of the Pursuits of Literature—he might have been suffered to whimper unnoticed over the sorrows of the sentimental man-midwife, to rail for six months together against Dufief and Moore, and to retail his grave morality and his bawdy tales, his puritan cant, and his Joe Miller jokes. He might, for me, have continued to instruct the good people of New-York in the arts of modern authorship by stringing and patching together altered and garbled passages of Burke or Johnson, or by translating into prose the poetry of Beattie or Gray. But for this, he might have been allowed undisturbed to puzzle and bewilder his gaping readers by telling them that * Dr. Beattie, though "a poet, a scholar, one endowed with wit and genius, and a philosopher of the first rank," "had neither the vigorous and comprehensive intellect or the profound and enlarged knowledge requisite to constitute a *philosopher*;" nor had his style "sufficient energy, or elegance, or variety, or ease, or sublimity, or those frequent out-breaks and flashes of a fiery imagination, which are necessary to form a powerful and interesting writer," or still more to astound them, have amused himself with solemnly accursing and devoting to destruction every one "whose heart does not wildly throb" at the crazy effusions of a certain whining sentimental sonneteer †.

* See M. R. p. 380. 381.

† "Accursed be the heart that does not wildly throb, and palsied be the eye that will not weep over the woes of the wan-

You will readily confess, sir, that the wholesome discipline which I administered to this gentleman was inflicted with the utmost gentleness and moderation, when you observe that out of many hundreds, I have cited but two instances of his plagiarism, and referred only to some half dozen more; when, had I been actuated by any other motive than that of kind concern for his welfare, I might have torn his piece of patch-work into ten thousand tatters, and restored back the *disjecta membra poetæ* to their respective owners, to Johnson, to Burke, to Beattie, and the Edinburgh Reviewers, to Gray, to Gifford, and the *nameless bard*. But perhaps I am all this while remarking on a publication which is known to nine tenths of your readers only by name. Be it known, then, that the *fort* of this ingenious and original writer is criticism. There he shines indeed. Often have I admired the wondrous valour and address with which this doughty champion attacks and overthrows the hapless author of some spelling book or French grammar. Sometimes he knocks down his victim at a single blow, at others he hunts him month after month, continually pelting the poor devil with second hand quotations and little scraps of Greek, and ever and anon stopping to refresh himself and his reader with a mess of stale anecdotes which have been bandied about the world ever since the days of Ben Johnson, of facetious memory. A single example of this new and happy mode of criticism will suffice.

Some time ago a Mr. Fraser of this city published a small volume of amusing pieces in prose and verse, chiefly selection, entitled the "*Mental Flower Garden*." A work of this kind arrogates to itself no very high rank, and scarcely aspires to the honour of criticism. If the volume can furnish a few hours of harmless amusement to the unlettered reader; if every thing of an immoral or irreligious tendency has been carefully excluded from its pages, the compiler has done all that can be expected of him. And this duty, I believe, Mr. F. has very faithfully performed. Yet on this humble performance has our learned Reviewer fallen with the most unrelenting severity. He bursts out upon it with "this book is a mere literary fraud—a mere literary *swindle*," "miserable trash," "dismal effusion of dulness and ignorance"—next his indignation is poured out upon Mr. F.'s readers—they are "sluggish inert masses of clay," "fit for nothing but a dark room, a strait waistcoat, water-gruel, and a smart flagellation, at least once in the four-and-twenty hours." At length even the rich exchequer of the English language can no longer supply him with words sufficiently strong to express his contempt and anger, he roars in French *etourderie*, *diablerie*, &c. &c. Gentle reader, after all this, wouldst thou believe it credible that this lofty declaimer against literary impostors could not finish the article without pilfering a few metaphors from his favourite work, the Pursuits of Literature? That author, in his preface, in the manly language of conscious merit, exclaims, "I have brushed away the insects of literature, whether fluttering or creeping; I have shaken the little stems of many a puny plant, and the flowerets have fallen." Our learned friend had not quite the face to apply all this to himself, (I mention this symptom of modesty with no small pleasure) but it was a fine passage, and in it *must* come. Observe how dexterously it is metamorphosed. "It is now full time to begin to brush away the insects of literature, whether creeping or flutter-

derer of Switzerland," &c. M. R. p. 252. And all this cursing, too, about some sonnets, and a tale of one Montgomery, which are described by the ablest of the British Reviewers as the effusions of some slender youth of seventeen, intoxicated with weak tea and the praises of village literati. "May he (Obadiah) be cursed in all the faculties of his body, may he be cursed in eating and drinking, &c &c. Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, cried my uncle Toby, but nothing to this." Tristram Shandy.

ing, which have too long crawled over and soiled the intellectual ground of this country.—It is high time to shake the little sickly stems of many a puny plant, and make its fading flowerets fall." M. R. vol. II. p. 243. There is a fine specimen of literary juggling for you. But of this enough.

Thus far had I written when I happened to cast my eye into an empty trunk which stood open beside me. It was lined with some sheets of a tour through part of the Highlands of Scotland. Some lines caught my attention, and I read on. I had not finished a page before I was convinced, from the dictatorial manner in which the author dealt forth his opinions on every subject, as well as from the solemn pedantry of the style, the plentiful sprinkling of *thereon, thereby, thereafter*, and *therewith*, and the frequent repetition of his beloved conjunction *and*, (as, "*and* all the wit, *and* all the literature, *and* all the talents, *and* all the genius," &c.) that these ill-fated sheets were part of some production of my learned friend of the Monthly Register. I immediately had recourse to the Critical Review, and after some search, found that I had not been wrong in my conjecture. But I was curious to know something more of the merits of the work than I could gather from the few pages which adorned the inside of my trunk: and on this head the Critical Reviewer gave me no information; for after some general observations, he coolly remarked, "We have little temptation to copy from these volumes, which, at least in Europe, will soon be as if they never had been." I consulted in vain several other literary journals, all of which mentioned "the Tour through part of Scotland" with the same careless indifference; till at length in Aikin's Annual Review I met with the following article.

"ART XIII.—Ανθρωπλανομενος; or, a pedestrian tour through part of the Highlands of Scotland, in 1801. By JOHN BRISTED. 8vo. two vols. p. 1160—1804.

"Oft have we admired the address of those renowned sons of Galen, Doctors Brodum, Solomon, &c. and the rival dexterity of Mr. Packwood, in the variety and originality of their advertisements. One begining a grave paragraph, perhaps on the importance of Malta, the capture of St. Domingo, or the ravages of the yellow-fever in Philadelphia; and soon finds oneself assailed with an eulogy on the virtues of the *Balm of Gilead*, the *Vegetable Syrup*, or the new *Razor-strap*. We have laboured through this long advertisement, 1160 pages! in which that "most marvellous effort of human ability and benevolence," Dr. Cowan's *Tractate on Education; the Adviser*; or, *Moral* and *Literary Tribunal; Essays, philosophical and critical, by the author of the Adviser; and the Wanderer*, are puffed up with no common assiduity.

"We shall not detain our readers two minutes; it is not our intention to empty upon their heads the contents of those volumes. We shall just hint that Mr. Bristed is not ashamed virtually to avow himself the author of *Essays, philosophical and critical*, (see pages 196, and 197, vol. 2) although in another place, (vol. I. 349) he speaks of the *Adviser* as having been written by some other person.

"Mr. Bristed and his companion travelled through the Highlands in the character of American sailors; they roamed the country in *forma pauperum*, descant loudly on the luxuries of the great and the miseries of the poor; go from pot house to pot house for half a bed; complain of the jealousy of the police, because they are taken up for spies; and of the frequent inhospitality of the Scots, because they were not welcomed as gentlemen! There is a great deal of pertness, and a great deal of vulgarity in these volumes: it cost Mr. Bristed but very little effort, we suspect, to accommodate his conversation to the company he courted in the Highlands. Mr. Bristed takes every opportunity of communicating his opinion on moral and political subjects, which he generally treats in a very dictatorial manner. About a hundred pages at the latter end of the first volume are taken up in considering the state of the female sex; what relates to their intellectual acquirements and their state in society, is *stolen* from an essay in the first volume of the Cabinet, (p. 178). The *theft* too is committed in a most *mean* and *sneaking manner*; in the first place there is no reference given to the original essay; every instance of female superiority there produced is transplanted here, often with some little additional circumstance to disguise it: even the metaphors and similes there employed are used here, disfigured

indeed, grossly disfigured, although the identity is palpable. It would have been more impudent, but less dishonourable, to have transcribed the whole essay, or to have copied sentences entire and unmutilated, than thus wantonly to have defaced them, for the pitiful and frustrate purpose of avoiding detection."

Thus it appears that this unfortunate journalist, although no novice either in the arts of plagiarism or the trade of book making, is so unskilful, or so unlucky, as seldom to escape detection. Yet cheer up, good youth, follow my advice, and all may yet be well. Go immediately to thy publishers and buy thee that useful little book, the dictionary of quotations. On those commons of literature you may tresspass in perfect safety. Then may you defy the critic, while you amaze your unlearned readers by gravely observing that, *nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro*, or *omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori*. Sometimes you may inform them that *ex nihilo, nil fit*, or *in medio tutissimus ibis:* and should you have occasion for still greater parade of learning, you may rattle forth *Arma virumque cano*, or *justum ac tenacem propositi virum*, &c. or thunder out in well-sounding Greek,

Τον δ'απαμειβομενος προσεφη ποδας ωκυς Αχιλλευς,

which, as the Greek language is wholly unknown in this barbarous country, I will transcribe—I mean I will translate, *for the benefit of the English reader*.

Achilles who was quite a man of whim,
And also had a swift foot answered him.

I am, Mr. editor,
Your's, &c.
MARTIN MAR-PEDANT.

Memorial against Gen. Wilkinson.

By the kindness of a friend we have been obliged with a pamphlet containing in part the "*Debate in the House of Representatives of the Territory of Orleans, on a Memorial to Congress respecting the illegal conduct of General Wilkinson.*" This throws new light on the subject of the mysterious expedition of Burr, and the conduct of Wilkinson at New-Orleans connected with it, but by no means affords, in our opinion, a complete clue to the labyrinth. The Memorial proposed to be presented to the national government, states in substance that the inhabitants of the territory of Orleans are by the treaty of cession entitled to the "benefits of the writ of *habeas corpus*. They shall be bailable, unless for capital offences, where the proof is evident or the presumption great, and no cruel or unusual punishment shall be inflicted."—That when they have been tempted to complain that other privileges deemed by them *essential* were withheld; they have been reminded of former periods in their history, when *liberty* was only a *tenancy* at the will of their superiors, and told to be grateful for the extension of a remedy against every species of personal violence; and they considered this assurance of personal as the first step to political independence, and they looked forward with confidence and delight to the period when 60,000 citizens, who had by enjoying learned to appreciate their rights, should unite in assuming an equal rank in the great *Federal family*—a station to which "nature and nature's God" has destined them.—That the invaluable privileges of personal security were reassured to them by further important provisions by the ordinance which organized the Orleans territory, the benefits of the writ of *habeas corpus*, trial by jury, and a right to participate in the privileges secured by the 7th and 8th articles of the amendments of the constitution, to prevent any person from being compelled to answer for any alleged crime, unless by legal process; and that in criminal prosecutions the accused should have a right to trial by jury, compulsory process for obtaining witnesses, and the assistance of counsel in his defence.—That they feel an indignant grief, in which they are sure

the national Legislature must participate, to find that these invaluable privileges should be torn from their grasp, while their constitutional guardians looked tamely on, and beheld the holy temple of justice sacrilegiously robbed of the revered palladium of their rights.

The Memorialists then proceed with the statement of facts which led to their complaints:—That the return of the regular forces to New-Orleans announced the settlement of our differences with Spain; but measures succeeded which filled the city with alarm and apprehension. Great preparations were made for defence, but the utmost mystery observed respecting the cause, till at length on the —— day of December last Gen. Wilkinson convened the merchants at the government house, and communicated to them that these preparations were making to oppose Col. Burr, who had formed a plan to sever the western from the Atlantic states, and to invade Mexico. That in the prosecution of these objects, Burr would be at Natchez with two thousand men:—That with this force he would march down to this city, take possession of it, plunder the banks, and seize the shipping to transport his army under convoy of a British fleet to La Vera Cruz.

This information, he said, he had received, partly by a letter from Mr. Burr, addressed to him, (the General) written in cypher, dated the —— last, and received by him at Natchitoches, on the 16th of October last, which letter, or a decyphered copy, he produced, *and which, among other things, acknowledged the receipt of one from the General of the 6th of the preceding month, and asked his advice with respect to the propriety of taking Baton Rouge, on his way down.* Other parts of the plan not contained in the letter, he stated had been communicated by a messenger from Burr.

The governor supported the general in his speech, stated his belief of the danger, and read an anonymous letter, the hand writing of which he knew to be that of a respectable gentlemen in Tennessee. The parts of the letter which were read, advised him to beware of traitors—to beware of the month of December—to beware of the Ides of March—*to beware of the General*—and gave hints of some design against the city: it has since been discovered that this letter was actually signed *A. Jackson*, and advised the governor to beware of the general. Both the general and the governor united in recommending an embargo on the shipping, in which the merchants acquiesced, and the embargo was laid. A ship of war was stationed to prevent the departure of any vessel without the general's passport, and some which had sailed were brought back for want of this document.

Upon the illegality of this embargo, we need not, say the memorialists, offer a single argument. On its expediency, they suggest that general Wilkinson was the only man who appeared to be acquainted with Burr's designs; and he stated the plan of Burr as embracing the attack of New-Orleans, the plunder of its wealth, and the seizure of its shipping; and in order to counteract these projects, it was determined to keep all the shipping in the harbour; to deprive them, by enlisting their seamen, of all hopes of escape; to detain the treasures of the banks; and by withdrawing all the outposts, and collecting the military force of New-Orleans, to leave all the territory open to the enemy.

The memorialists proceed to give a circumstantial account of the seizure of doctor Bollman and two other persons, by order of Wilkinson, who were hurried out of the territory, and only by accident discovered, and two of them released by *habeas corpus*, contrary to the order of general Wilkinson.

The other, Mr. Swartwout, was immediately removed to more close confinement, and measures were taken, by frequently changing the officer of the guard, to avoid any proper return to the writ issued for his release.

An affidavit of the arrest of Bollman was presented to one of the judges of the Superior Court, and the

allowance of a writ of *habeas corpus* requested. This was refused by the Hon. Wm. Sprig, sen. judge of the Superior Court, in order, as he alleged, to consult his colleague. The writ was however at length obtained, but general Wilkinson, instead of complying with its requisition, denounced the counsellors who had dared to question his proceedings.

This memorial proceeds to state the hardships which Mr. Alexander suffered—that he was paraded through the streets at noon day, exposed to the pitying gaze of the astonished inhabitants, under a strong escort of dragoons, and committed to close confinement. From thence, with Mr. Ogden, who was a second time arrested, he was conveyed to some place then unknown.

They proceed to observe:

"The picture, however, of our sufferings, degradations, and injuries, is not yet complete. We have seen the citizen imprisoned, and his advocates denounced, imprisoned, and banished—the violation of the sacred seat of justice itself was still wanting to give a finish and colouring, a glow of intense guilt to the group. This it received; for Mr. Workman, a few days after his communication was made to this house, was himself arrested, dragged to the guard-house, and imprisoned with Mr. Kerr, (another gentleman of the bar, who had taken out the *habeas corpus* for Ogden,) until they were released by the prompt interposition of the district judge of the United States. We do not mean to be understood as vouching for the innocence or guilt of the several persons whom the commander in chief of the American army has arrested. It is, however, somewhat unfortunate that the guilt of none of the victims he has chosen from the bar or the bench, was ever discovered until they had distinguished themselves in opposition to his tyrannical designs."

Again:—"Innocent travellers from a remote part of the country have been forced to return one hundred miles, to procure a licence to travel in their own country. This order has been enforced even against a member of this house, whose person was imprisoned until he had suffered an illegal examination of his private papers.

Though nothing can justify, yet circumstances of extreme danger, in the moment of invasion, during the suspension of civil authority, might excuse some of these violent measures.

"But here no foreign enemy or open domestic foe was then, or has yet been proved to have been within any perilous distance of this city, or that treason lurked within our walls---Nay, there yet exists, within our knowledge, no proofs of any treasonable designs sufficiently organized and matured to give us any reasonable cause to fear for our safety. The courts were open to punish, juries to try, and officers ready to enforce the civil authority in all cases of conviction. If reasonable doubts could be entertained of any want of energy in the civil authority, the military was at hand to aid its operations---but this ancilliary process did not suit the views of the commander---his ardent zeal could not brook the "law's delay," his promptitude to support "the holy attributes of the constitution," would admit of no stay to his uplifted arm; and though by an union of mockery with violence, in many of the cases he began by an application to the courts and to juries, yet his impatience always snatched his victims before they had time to deliberate on the accusations he pretended to make.

"Again we repeat to your honourable body, that we do not forget our department so far as to pronounce on the alleged guilt or presumable innocence of the victims of his violence. But we must be permitted to remark, that in either case the proceedings are illegal, oppressive, and inhuman.

"Thus we have briefly stated, with as few reflections as the nature of the case would admit, the acts of high handed military power to which we have been and are yet exposed—acts too notorious to be denied, too illegal to be justified, too wanton to be excused—We have alluded to, but cannot fully describe the humiliating situation to which they have reduced us. Never would we have submitted to it, if the aid had been afforded by those branches of government whose duty it was to have protected our rights, to have resisted oppression, and to have rallied us around them on the first assumption of illegal power—at the head of these branches are men not appointed by us—over whom we

have no control, and who are amenable only to Congress for their conduct. We pray that that conduct may be strictly examined into, and that nothing connected with this extraordinary state of things may be concealed.---We annex to this Memorial a message from our governor, by which we are invited to a temporary suspension of the writ of habeas corpus---a compliance with which, we conceive, would involve the violation of our oaths, the ordinance and constitution of our country, and without the semblance of necessity, lend our authority to cover the unconstitutional proceedings of which we complain.

"Our great distance from the seat of government, renders oppression more bold by the hope of impunity---our scattered population takes away all fear of resistance---the ease with which men in office can procure testimony, or influence opinion in their favour, makes conviction more difficult---and the necessity of keeping up a large military force, will long expose us to a repetition of the evil. But all these considerations will, we are convinced, have the effect of rendering the proper branches of our government more watchful over the conduct of their officers, and we rely with confidence on the energy of the executive to remove, on the vigilance of the representatives to accuse, and the justice of the senate to punish, the officers who shall be found to have disregarded their duty."

This memorial having been read, Mr. Donaldson moved its re-commitment to a committee. He said that the memorial before the house, from the language and style of it, went to defeat itself---it was not confined to facts, and was vindictive.

An interesting and animated debate succeeded. We shall present our readers in our next, with extracts from the speeches of the principal orators on both sides of the question.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN.

In England the new administration have not only stood their ground, but in a most animated and lengthy debate in the house of commons, on the 9th of April, (which we shall notice hereafter) gained a complete victory over the late administration and their friends, by a majority of 32, present 484 members. The question which occasioned this warm debate and trial of strength, was on the following motion from a friend to the late administration:

"Resolved, That it is subversive of the principles of the constitution, for his majesty's ministers to restrain themselves by any pledge to withhold at any time from his majesty any advice which they shall in their consciences believe to be conducive to the security of his realms, the honour of his crown, and the well being of his subjects." From the resolution itself, but which the debate fully explains, it would appear that the present administration have pledged themselves not to advise the king upon some certain measures, particularly the Catholic question. To get rid of the resolution, and at the same time to try their strength, the ministerialists moved for "the order of the day," on which the house divided.

For the resolution in favour of the order of the day,	258
For the original resolution,	226
Majority,	32

A trial of strength would be made in the house of lords a few days afterwards, the result of which will prove whether the present administration can maintain themselves with the present parliament or not.

No account had reached England of the reception of the treaty in this country, which is in England thought to be so favourable to the United States, that not a doubt is entertained of its ratification.

Mr. Munroe, we are assured from a source which we can rely on, will leave London for the United States in all April, or as soon as he can find a suitable vessel for himself and his family. [*Ledger.*

LONDON, April 12.

Retreat of the French across the Vistula.

This morning lieut. Von Petersdorf arrived at Mr. Canning's office, with

dispatches from the Prussian head quarters.—He left Memel, we understand, on the 24th ult. and arrived at Gottenburg on the evening of the 29th, and sailed the morning following in the Lord Nelson packet.

Lieutenant Von Petersdorf has bro't the important intelligence that the enemy was, at the date of the last accounts from the Russian head quarters, retreating across the Vistula, while the greater part of the Russian army had advanced beyond the Passarge.

Several smart actions had taken place between the advanced corps of the hostile armies, invariably terminating to the disadvantage of the harassed and dispirited enemy, but no result of substantial importance had been attained.

This morning M. Burin, a Swedish officer, arrived at the Secretary of State's office, with dispatches from Malmoe, but we do not understand that they contain any intelligence of moment.

The following bulletin of Bonaparte is of a later date than the preceding, and no doubt puts the best face possible on French affairs. Our readers will perceive, however, that there is less gasconading than is usually contained in these productions.

68th Bulletin of the Grand Army.

Osterode, March 29.

On the 17th of March, at 3 o'clock in the morning, the general of brigade Lefebvre, aid de camp to prince Jerome, passed near Glatz, in his way to Wunchelsbourg, with three squadrons of light horse, and the Taxis regiment of light-infantry, when 1500 men, with 20 pieces of cannon, made a sortie from the place. Lieutenant colonel Gerard immediately attacked and drove them back into Glatz, after having taken 100 soldiers, several officers, and the two pieces of artillery.

Marshal Massena is gone from Willesberg to Ortelsbourg, and forced an entrance there for the division of Becker's dragoons, which he has reinforced with a detachment of Polish horse.—There were some Cossacks at Ortelsbourg, and several attacks were made, in which the enemy lost 20 men.

General Becker, as he was coming to resume his position at Willenberg, was attacked by 2000 Cossacks. An ambuscade of infantry was formed, into which they fell, and lost 200 men.

On the 26th, at five o'clock in the morning, the garrison of Dantaic made a general sortie, which proved very fatal.—It was repulsed on all sides. A colonel named Cracaw, who had a command, was taken with 400 men, and two pieces of cannon, in an attack made by the 19th regiment of chasseurs.

As for the rest, there is nothing new. The lakes are still frozen; though there is some appearance of the approach of spring.

BONAPARTE'S MESSAGE.

A Message of Bonaparte, dated from Osterode, the 24th ult. and laid before the Senate on the 4th inst. contains irrefragable proofs of the immense losses which his armies have sustained, and of the difficulties in which he is involved. Before the first three months of 1807 are expired, he finds himself under the necessity of calling out the conscriptions for the year 1808. The ostensible motives for this tyrannical and vexatious proceeding are developed in his message, the address of the Arch-Chancellor, and the report of Berthier, the minister at war. The real causes are to be sought in the losses of the French army; the increasing danger to which it is exposed; and the determination, perhaps, of Bonaparte, to contend for the sovereignty of the continent, on the banks of the Vistula. It is evident, that he is apprehensive of some unpleasant consequences from the rigorous execution of this odious measure. Hence the extraordinary indulgence with which the youthful victims of his wild and insatiable ambition are to be treated at the outset. Instead of immediate exposure to toilsome and tedious

marches, like the sacrifice of the present year, they are to be subjected to no greater hardship than that of learning the necessary discipline in their own fields and habitations. It is by such deceptions and sophistry, that a veil is endeavoured to be cast over the tyrannical character of a proceeding which we make no doubt has created universal consternation through France, and struck more terror into its trembling population, than any irruption of the Cossacks, of whose ferocity they have heard so much, would produce.

Among other reasons for having recourse to the conscription, we find an extraordinary levy of two hundred thousand men in this country mentioned, alluding, we suppose, to the persons who are to be called out and disciplined under the Training Act. We scarcely expected, after expressing such perfect contempt for the Volunteer army in this country, Bonaparte would become alarmed by our partial levy en masse.

What relates to the re-establishment of peace is the most important part of this message. Bonaparte, who is become wonderfully pacific of a sudden, thanks to the valour of the Russians and the skill of their commander, offers peace to England and Russia upon the conditions which they lately rejected. It seems he is even disposed "to restore tranquillity to the eight millions of people he has conquered, and to replace the king of Prussia in his capital." We suppose there is some allusion in this to the terms lately offered to his Prussian Majesty, and which he is said to have rejected.

DOMESTIC.

Next President.—The Baltimore Evening Post has informed us who is to be considered as candidate for the Presidential chair, by that section of the democratic party, which has the honour to be commanded by Captain Cheetham.

The publication in which the pure patriot is designated, on whom the Presidential purple is to be conferred, is replete with complaints against "juggling in congress," "passion among the members," and other things no less true than lamentable.

"Amidst those "throes and convulsions," says the Baltimore Post "of party interest, however, the old republican party, though *few in numbers*, have maintained the ascendency. The consistency of their conduct, the purity of their character, their long and tried patriotism and eminent disinterestedness, (fudge!) forming "a hedge round about them" as a body may say, "*noli me tangere, impune lacessit*," (pretty good pig Latin, and meaning, I take it, that any body could kick and cuff them with perfect impunity,) for they possessed, and still do possess, the confidence of the people."

After a deal of circumlocution—a column and a half of prefatory matter, the writer puts the following question:

"*Who shall we support for President?*"

"In plain unvarnished language I say, *George Clinton*, for President, and *Nathaniel Macon*, or *John Langdon*, for Vice-President!"

Then follows a suitable and appropriate eulogy on each of the great men aforesaid, and the whole is conducted with a degree of decorum, which is not a little prepossessing, and cannot fail to fascinate the public.

LITERARY IMPOSTURE.

Libertas et natale solum.

Fine words: I wonder where *he stole 'em!*
SWIFT.

The annals of literature cannot, perhaps, furnish a parallel to the impudent, but we believe unsuccessful attempt of a certain journalist to palm on the American public as fine writing, the farrago, or rather *haggis*, called "THE MONTHLY REGISTER."

Our correspondent MARTIN MARPEDANT has, however, so thoroughly stripped the jackdaw of his borrowed plumage, that we fancy he will not ape the eagle in future.

The man, in running the gauntlet of English criticism, (to *imitate* his own *inimitable* style) was hissed, *and* hooted, *and* harassed, *and* hunted down, *and* kicked, *and* cuffed, *and* bufeted, *and* thwacked, *and* banged, *and* all this without ceremony *and* without mercy. Yet he hies him to America, and has the effrontery, forsooth, to set himself up as commander in chief of the literary corps!!!

We trust, however, that he will "sneak" into the ranks; and we doubt whether his merits will ever entitle him to *figure* even as a non-commissioned officer. In the mean time, if, upon deliberation, we should suppose him to be worthy of further notice, we shall take an inventory of the contents of his budget, or rather *pedlar's pack of stolen* literary goods, wares, and merchandize, and restore the *filfered* articles to their *proper owners*.

The propensity of the American public to patronise *every* foreigner who *styles himself* a man of letters, to the neglect of native talents, is a subject which deserves animadversion. At any rate, if we must *import* our literati, let us show a little *caution in the selection*, and not mistake a Pasquin for a Pope, nor a Bristed for a Burke.

The following lines are from the "Gentleman's Magazine."

THE OLD WEDDING RING.

I see, my dear, your wedding token
Is grown so thin 'tis almost broken
By days of service told;
Its alter'd form and weaken'd frame
Whispers that we shall be the same:
In short—we're growing old.

'Tis now just two and twenty years,
Since with alternate hopes and fears
Our beating bosoms heav'd;
When at the altar's sacred base
This golden pledge of fond embrace
Was given and receiv'd.

Then was it polish'd, bright, and neat,
Its form a circle quite complete,
Stamp'd with the mark of truth:
So to the newly wedded pair
Each prospect's seeming bright and fair;
The fond ideas of youth.

But we have found, as others must,
That joys are only joys on trust;
That troubles will accrue.
Still you and I should not complain,
For though we've had our share of pain,
We've had our pleasures too.

Can we forget those happy days
When oft we join'd in sports and plays,
Our infants to delight?
Or when we turn'd the instructive page,
Forming them in maturer age
"To do the thing that's right."

This was the solace and the balm
Of early life; and still the charm,
Maintains its glad'ning powers;
Though growing now to men's estate,
We see them come with hearts elate
To cheer our social hours.

As for this ring, we'll lay it by,
A new one shall its place supply,
And this no more adorn;
Except on days of festive note,
When your new gown and my best coat
For compliment are worn.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Written on the River St. Lawrence.*

ET REMIGEM CANTUS HORTATUR.
Quintilian.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime.
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.

* I write these words to an air which our boatmen sang to us very frequently. The wind was so unfavourable, that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night, forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties.

Our voyagers had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long coherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadian.—It begins,

Dans mon chemin j'a rencontré
Deux cavaliers très bien montée;

and the refrein to every verse was

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm, which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may perhaps be thought common and trifling; but I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes, into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me, and now, there is not a note of it, which does not recal to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn†.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the day light's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl!
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the day light's past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers!
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapid's are near and the day light's past!

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those voyagers who go the Grande Portage by the Utawas River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking, see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade prefixed to his Journal.

† "At the Rapid of St. Ann they are "obliged to take out part, if not the whole "of their lading. It is from this spot the "Canadians consider they take their de-"parture, as it possesses the last Church "on the Island, which is dedicated to the "tutelar saint of voyagers." *Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade.*

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